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"A WOMAN IN THE CASE."

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THE OCCULT PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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"A WOMAN IN THE CASE."

AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF THE NATIONAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF WASHINGTON, MARCH 16, 1887,

BY

PROF. ELLIOTT COUES, A. M., M. D., PH. D., ETC.

SECOND EDITION,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ELISABETH CAVAZZA.

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TO MY DEAR WIFE,

MARY EMILY COUES,

LOVE FOR WHOM INSPIRED

This Tribute to Ideal Womanhood.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE reappearance of a college oration three years after its delivery is a phenomenon which would seem almost inexplicable. Such discourses are generally best which most become the occasion, and are even accentuated by their evanescence, like the bead of a brimming bowl, whose form is everything and whose substance is nothing. If, perchance, a living thought be caught in the web of words, and struggle for expression, it is drowned in applause as the speaker closes, to be known no more; unless, like a fly in amber, it be embalmed in the written word which remaineth, and be held up to the light for the inspection of the curious.

This second edition of my address gives occasion to reflect upon the reason why it has been required. On reading it over, I fail to find anything very remarkable, either in idea or expression. Women are now well to the fore in most pursuits of life, and they are graduating from colleges in many parts of the world. Persons of both sexes are rapidly outgrowing those orthodox creeds they inherited from the dark ages, and most intelligent people have pecked their way cleverly out of the shell of superstition which held them, like feeble chicks in the egg, whilst their minds were embryonic. So what I said is now conceded to be a fairly true bill of particulars on the woman question, the educational question, and the ecclesiastical question, respecting which no one can take umbrage who is not in

person a rock of offence and a stumbling-block in the way of intellectual emancipation. It is only such crooked crab-sticks, gnarled and full of wind-shakes, who refuse to be corded up straight and square, and cannot be made to fit anywhere in an honest bundle of mental fagots. So they lie criss-cross athwart every line of progress, and crackle like thorns under a pot at a touch of the torch.

That is the secret of the noise and heat which "A Woman in the Case" brought forth. It was nothing in particular that I said. It was simply that, for the moment, mine was the privilege to embody, personify, and give voice to the SPIRIT OF PROGRESS, — a spirit untarnished by a thought of consequences to self, undimmed by doubt, unhampered by fear, making straight its own way to its own goal with irresistible momentum. Of course baptism by fire makes things uncomfortably hot for those whose conservatism is chilly, and especially for those who are prejudiced in favor of aqueous immersion, which I believe our Baptist friends prefer. But I would advise no young lecturer who aspires to let in any light upon the night-time to "douse his glim" in the moist unpleasant morasses where theological jack-o'-lanterns flicker only to mislead and bemire. Be his lamp but glimmering, let him trim it well, hold it steadily, and guard lest it be quenched by rude puffs of night air. So cherished, the feeblest dip will brighten and multiply its reflections, for light seeks light; and the time will come when these rays, focused in the crystal mirror of the mind, may be brought to bear effectively upon any point, and flash intelligible signals. That mirror of the mind has a burning power when accurately adjusted; and it is never set at a more telling angle than when, for an instant present, it dispels the shadows that the past would cast upon the screen of the future.

I understand inertness of mind as well as I do inertia of matter, and well know the friction to be overcome before a heavy corporation at rest can be set in motion, — especially when that body is one of received opinion in society, in science, or in religion. And in boring skulls, as in bor-

ing cannon, friction develops much heat of feeling. The commotion is greatest among the human molecules who are set in their ways, and to whom new affinities and recombinations are more or less painful. But motion is nature's first law, as order is heaven's, and one must keep up with the procession of events, though the sky fall. In all the vital questions of the day, I venture to affirm, the course of living thought and feeling is directly and distinctly onward and away from every body of superstitious supernaturalism, which, embalmed in our ignorance, enshrouded in our fears, and inscribed with mottoes appropriate to our hopes, we revere as the Egyptians did their pussy-mummies of Bubastis, and with equal reason. These cats — once gods, then curiosities of antiquity — now sell by the ton for guano, and subserve an eminently useful purpose in the economy of nature. Yet they embodied creeds once as orthodox and awe-inspiring as any our latter-day churches can boast; and very likely history will repeat itself in this particular, if we give it time enough, and if there be found body enough in modern creeds, when pulverized, to serve as fertilizers. The exact historical repetition may be the more confidently anticipated, seeing that the divinity to whom these cats were sacred was a goddess, and that the present is distinctively an age in which woman, as human, receives just recognition in place of oppression; and Woman, as divine, receives due honor and homage instead of fetish-worship.

ELLIOTT COUES.

1726 *N Street, Washington, D. C.,*
March 31, 1890.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

LETTER TO THE FACULTY.

GENTLEMEN, — An Address with which I had the honor of representing you at the recent Commencement of our College has already been followed by unforeseen consequences, and others may still be in store for us on the same account.

On the one hand, the Faculty has passed a resolution to omit the customary publication of the annual addresses made on the occasion to which I refer, on the ground, as I am given to understand, of the objectionable character of my remarks, though the point of the objection has not been made clear to me.

On the other hand, I have received numberless requests to make these remarks accessible to the public in book form.

In this dilemma, I am thrown back upon my own judgment; and, with all due deference to contrary opinions, I cannot hesitate to put on permanent record that which I did not hesitate to say in public.

I do not share the view of some, that my remarks were either untimely or out of place. Nor can I share for a moment the fear that their publication will hurt the College. Quite the contrary. It is within the province of every educational institution like ours to lead public opinion, to some extent. We should not be found to wait servile upon its wake. Since we profess to be teachers of youth, I see no reason why we should

not hasten the future by moulding the present sentiment of the community in which we live, presumably for the better. Or if not that, let us at least be found abreast of our own times.

The occasion on which I spoke was itself the text which I took; and the topics I touched upon are living questions of the day, thrust upon us, not to be dodged or evaded. I spoke by the card of my own convictions, quite freely and in all sincerity, and I should advise no one to address an audience otherwise. Should I not, then, be found standing by what I said? My own prejudices and weaknesses are to be considered of no more or less account than those of other persons, even though one of these weaknesses be a prejudice in favor of telling the truth, as I understand it. I am satisfied, moreover, that, underneath the set of shams, social, scientific, and religious, which we live amongst, there runs a deeper current of sound and serious thought and feeling, by no means counter to the sentiments I have taken the liberty of expressing.

I am told that my offence consists less in what I said than in saying anything about religion; and it is added, as a clincher, that there is a clause in the charter of our College expressly forbidding any question of religion to be brought up by us. That is a curious state of the case, considering that man is first of all and after all "a religious animal." It is as much as to say, that no form of religion we may be inclined to profess is open to discussion, criticism, or possible refutation. It is a clear case of prejudice and intolerance — just what I have attacked. It may have fitted in with the times when our charter was granted; but that was a good while ago, in the dark ages, when to satirize any superstition which sheltered itself under the name of Christianity was sacrilege. Since then we have progressed to a point where such a clause becomes a relic of barbarism so objectionable, that some change in our charter would seem to be needed. No educational institution should be committed to a creed which forbids the most searching scrutiny of the basis of those religious beliefs which are nearest and dearest to us all. The fact that we depend for our patronage

upon the sentiment of a so-called Christian community should deter no one of us from challenging Christianity as practised among us, if any one of us knows, as I do, that it is pretty poorly practised, or if any one of us thinks, as I do, that it is not less questionable than other forms of faith supposed by ignorant persons to be fixed. Otherwise, we should be convicted of seeking to profit by upholding views which we do not seriously entertain. It were far better, in my opinion, to surrender our charter, if it cannot be amended in this particular.

I beg you also to observe, that if I have offended in this instance, I may plead in extenuation that it is my first offence. Whereas, such a provision as I am now informed exists in our charter with reference to religious matters has been violated by others many times; that is to say, as often as, at our annual Commencements, our exercises have been opened with a prayer and closed with a benediction by a clergyman of some orthodox denomination. This is certainly our habitual attitude before the public on such occasions. It is our official recognition and indorsement of some particular form of worship, agreeably with the views of the gentleman whom we invite to conduct those services which represent us as a body corporate before the Throne of Grace, — our charter to the contrary notwithstanding, which forbids us to be religious officially. It being thus a clearly recognized propriety of such occasions for one speaker to bring up the subject of religion by praying in public from his own platform, I see no impropriety on the part of another speaker in continuing the same topic from a different stand-point. Where any great principle is involved, it is small to stop to see on which side one's bit of bread is buttered. If it be right and proper for one person to tell God what he thinks in sight of a great audience, can it be wrong or improper in the sight of God for another person to tell the same audience what he, too, thinks? It is not a question, which was the better address on our last occasion — the one that was made to God and the audience, or the one that was made to the audience only. And even if such be a question, it cannot yet be answered,

because only the audience has been heard from on the subject thus far. It should make us quite tolerant, I think, of one another's religious views to reflect: that God may possibly disapprove of public praying as strongly as the biggest bigot who heard me the other night can disapprove of my public addressing. If scriptural authority on this point be reliable, no less august a personage than the Founder of Christianity, the Son of God himself, has expressly enjoined upon us the method of praying which is most acceptable to his Father. In my humble judgment, furthermore, any prayer that is worthy of the name is too sacred a thing, and the real occasions thereof are too solemn, to befit the festivities of a college Commencement. If any such view of the case as this be reasonably tenable, by all means, then, let us abide by our charter, quietly ignoring the late unpleasantness, and prudently waiving all reference to religion in future.

Nevertheless, gentlemen, I am deeply sensible of my error, and quick to recognize the professional etiquette of the situation, which leaves me but one course to take. It is against the best interests of the College for the Faculty to differ on any point of vital consequence. I have these interests so much at heart that no possible consideration of personal advantage can weigh with me for a moment against them. Believing, as I do, that it would benefit the College if some such ideas as I advanced in my address should prevail, to the exclusion or extinction of those counter-ideas which seem now to prevail, I must maintain my position, even in the face of your resolution to suppress the publication of my remarks, and against all your friendly warnings and entreaties. I cannot make my decision retroactive, and thus exonerate you from having been party to the affair of the other night; but I beg thus publicly to relieve you of all further responsibility in the matter. Mine alone is the blame, if any there be; if any harm is to come of it, let it come on me alone; if any good should possibly result, let that reward be yours. The consequences to myself concern no one else. I fully appreciate the kindness with which you promptly declined to hear of my resigning, when I offered to do so; and it cuts me to the quick

to sever relations which for many years have been intimate, cordial, and to me delightful. But I forfeit my right to these relations if I persist in views at variance with yours, when to maintain them is to embarrass my colleagues. I therefore beg to place my resignation at your service again. With all confidence in the prosperous future of the College, and with warm personal regard for every member of the Faculty, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

ELLIOTT COUES.

1726 *N Street, Washington, D. C.,*
March 31, 1887.

INTRODUCTION.

BY MRS. ELISABETH CAVAZZA.

AN INTERESTING PROBLEM.

ONE of the most acute, brilliant, and reasonable discourses in praise of woman and her powers, is that which led to severance of the relations between Prof. Coues and the National Medical College at Washington. The address is somewhat radical in its thought, and lyric in its inspiration, and these qualities are not academic. The reasons of their dissatisfaction were not made plain by the Faculty to Prof. Coues; and indeed, were, perhaps, felt by them rather as an impalpable though weighty atmospheric pressure of tradition. At all events, the usual publication of Commencement Addresses was omitted that year, and Prof. Coues was later obliged, in response to numerous personal requests, to attend, himself, to the publication of his discourse. The technical point upon which the objection to his address was founded, was that the charter of the College forbids any reference to religious questions. This point he very cleverly parried in his courteous, ironical, and thoroughly good-tempered letter to the Faculty, suggesting that the prayer and benediction, habitually pronounced at Commencement exercises by some orthodox clergyman are in disobedience to the charter, "which forbids us to be religious officially"; and pertinently asking, "If it be right and proper for one person to tell God what he thinks in sight of a great audience, can it be wrong or improper in the sight of God for another person to tell the same audience what he, too,

thinks?" But this agile defence of Prof. Coues was merely the prelude to the renewal of his resignation already offered and not accepted, immediately on the occasion of the dissatisfaction of the Faculty, and expressed in terms at once dignified and affectionate.

This address upon the theme, "A Woman in the Case," was in reference to the conferring of a degree upon the first woman graduate of the National Medical College. Taking this diploma as a text, Prof. Coues considers the capabilities, the scope, the present position, and the future of women. It is agreeable to find that he does not emphasize the theory of woman suffrage, a point which has been disproportionately and rather coarsely insisted upon in the propaganda of feminine progress. Whether women also, or only men, possess the ballot as a birthright, or whether the vote be merely a weapon of defence given by republican jurisprudence as military rule provides for the bearing of arms — in which case the ballot is a political function about which talk of divinely accorded and innate claim is foolish; whether the admission of women to the polls and to office-holding be a question of right and wrong, or of expediency and non-expediency — with these differences of opinion, fortunately, the present review need not concern itself, since Prof. Coues does not dwell upon them.

His theme is less, What can woman have? — than — What can woman be? Intrinsic progress is, indeed, limited only by the will and the force of the individual, while external acquisition is contested by all kinds of active and passive adverse conditions. Women are apt to mistake for prejudice and oppression directed against them as women, the difficulties which arise from competition, or injustice, or carelessness, and to which men are equally subjected in the struggle for existence. When the disadvantages are obviously because of her sex, a woman will do well to consider whether she has had the training and is prepared to fulfil the requirements of her task in the manner which would be expected of a man in the same position. She will also do well to examine whether her discontent

is divine, the pricking of wings which will bear her upward, or the uneasiness which is the effect of a sub-consciousness of present inefficiency or inadequacy. Whenever a woman proves by practical action her capacity to do a thing thoroughly well, she is usually not merely allowed but also encouraged to do it. If she receives less pay than a man, that disparity is most often to be attributed to the unfortunate balance of supply and demand, inequalities which can be remedied, not by immediate complaint or legislation, but gradually by social economy and by course of time.

But one birthright is surely and inalienably hers, as it is that of every creature, to attain to her highest possibilities of spirit and action. "Each thing," says Dante in the "Convito," "is virtuous in its nature, that does that to which it is ordained." If one asks, "To what is woman ordained?" the reply of the propagandists of the rights of woman is, — and the answer appears curiously contradictory of the modern tendency to subdivision of labor, — Everything! She will leave to men no specialty; she demands that the whole field of action be open to her. And while these contentious women are beating upon the fences, the gates stand wide open. For it is not the intelligence or force of woman as compared with that of man, but the power and will of each individual of the human race that is to make or mar their several fortunes. A woman may do what she can, yet she cannot afford not to study her limitations, general and personal, since it is certain that, other things being equal, work is best accomplished when free of the friction of inaptitude and the resistance of disinclination.

To return to the text of Prof. Coues's discourse. His experience as instructor in the National College at Washington has been, that no disadvantageous change in quality and quantity of work, or in the decorum of his classes, has ensued upon the admission of young women. This is in practical support of his theory that knowledge is good for all, and that any kind which both halves of the world may not share, is evil. He affirms true knowledge to be too precious a possession to be reserved for men,

too sad a burden to be borne by them alone. He believes that women who have ability and ambition for the law, the pulpit, medicine, for any art, handiwork, or business, even for political economy and state-craft, should not be debarred on account of sex. He considers any discrimination against women as a relic of barbarism. Precisely here, it may be permitted to recall the sentence of the apostle, which may be old-fashioned doctrine, but is not the less pertinent, to the effect that many things are right which are not expedient. Each woman must judge for herself the balance of profit and loss to her own essential womanhood in the adoption of one of these forms of employment. In the so-called barbarism which restricts feminine liberty, and denies to woman certain responsibilities which require great physical or mental effort, publicity, contact with the coarser aspects of life, there exists also an element of reverence for her more delicate and subtile nature, her quicker sensibilities and finer instincts.

> "For woman is not undeveloped man,
> But diverse,"

as Lord Tennyson has noted in his *Princess* — a poem open to criticism, perhaps, as to its literary design, but which meets the feminine problem of his century with singular tact and wisdom.

It is true that there are men vibratory as wind-harps, and women of nearly anæsthetic fibre, but the general trend of the masculine nature may be defined as strength, and that of the feminine as fineness. There remains always the question whether it be sound economy to employ a Damascus blade to cleave wood, when its special gift is to sever the floating veil of Saladin. To most women, the impalpable tribute of privilege and of prestige is more acceptable than undistinguished comradeship with men. They are conscious that in this delicate remoteness is enshrined their essential power.

Prof. Coues well observes that in any given case the place which woman may take and hold determines the place which that community

takes and holds, and is the measure of its civilization. According to him, the chief barriers in the way are three: religious intolerance, scientific insolence, and social tyranny — "a triple-headed Cerberus set to guard woman." His summary of the evil effected and the good denied by these three malign forces is brilliant, audacious, and eloquent.

It must be acknowledged that a woman honestly conscious of her own failings, which are also those of her sisters in Eve, and highly appreciative of the distinctively masculine virtues, — as a genuine woman ought to be, — will experience a little awe and alarm at the credit of half-divine gifts which a good man, as he should, accords to women. There is a certain just humiliation in meeting face to face one's own image mirrored in the faith of another. Paradise will be found again on earth when men and women have no longer fear of each others' ideals.

In reading the nobly enthusiastic discourse of Prof. Coues, a woman finds herself enveloped in a warm atmosphere, fragrant with incense. The thesis appears to be one of those intense and complete tributes to femininity, such as now and then in the world's history a thoroughly virile mind has been inspired to give, shedding upon women in general the rosy light of the altar-flame of a sole goddess. So the Knights of the Round Table, vowed to one lady, defended all; so St. Augustine — contrary to the practice of other fathers of the church — wrote good things of women, for the sake of his pious mother. And the crowning example of such honor to the universal in an individual womanhood, is the *Divina Commedia*, wherein Dante wrote of Beatrice "that which was never said of any woman."

A certain allowance must be made, in Prof. Coues's address, for the apotheosis of woman which is one of the tenets of modern theosophy, under whose banner the professor is enrolled. He is not, however, a man to be bound to unquestioning subservience to any code of opinions; and his strong, clear sense, his honesty and keen logic, would be apt to make it difficult for such theories as might come into conflict with those qualities.

The conclusion of his address is in accord with its animating temper of liberality and hopefulness. He possesses in no small degree that imagination of the soul which is faith — the only spiritual condition upon which can be based present action or expectation for the future. It must also be noted that he expressly defines the differentiation of the feminine nature, and observes that the woman's swifter perceptions and instinct beyond reason can greatly avail in co-operation with the purely scientific thought and experiment, the material collection of facts and of forces which are more naturally the contribution of men to the solution of the problems of humanity, to that true theosophy which begins with the fear of the Lord.

Prof. Coues is too judicious to wish to assume the office of prophet as to the particulars of the next phase of progress in the science of life. "What we will to do to-day," he says, "it is that ushers in the morning fair or foul for us every one. . . . Only one thing is safe to say: men never act alone. They cannot. They may think they do, but they do not. The only safe prediction is this: Whatever the case may be, there will always be a woman in the case — God bless her!"

The question not unnaturally arises, Why is it that the feminine demonstrations of independence and of revolt from subjection to men have been able to change but little the actual condition of women? For two reasons, perhaps, one of which is highly creditable to them: that a healthfully constituted woman, sound of nerves and sweet of nature, knows instinctively that her vocation is for the family, and that she is highest when she can serve lovingly, a priestess of the hearth-stone of home. If destiny or her own choice deny her this, she does well to employ her powers in art, or learning, or business; but she will merely have made the best of her circumstances in accepting an avocation in place of her vocation. Therefore, the most complete type of womanhood perpetuates itself in the ideals handed down from mother to daughter. At the same time, the placid matron, with no thought beyond her babies and her housekeeping, will not be able to meet the exigencies of that companionship of mind and

spirit with her husband and her children which is the finer and more real union of the family. No development of heart and intellect can be too great to be useful for her, in its extent, only in its direction. And if she has had strength and occasion to learn an art or a profession, her knowledge will be sure to come into use, more or less practically.

The other cause of the failure of woman to revolutionize her place in society has been cleverly defined by the critic De Renzis as exaggeration. "Woman," he writes, "perhaps on account of a physiological fact, due to her constitution itself, exaggerates everything, and sets it out of just proportion. . . . All are agreed in saying that good, she is sublime, and bad, the worst." "Exaggeration," he repeats, "has always put an end to the progress of public opinion in favor of the fair sex. When the theory has made its way, the application has succeeded in spoiling it."

And yet De Renzis everywhere urges cordially the progress of woman and the development of her whole nature and capability. This noble liberty will involve no shock to society, or to the family wherein exists her intimate supremacy. He concludes with a clever epigram — very comfortable and not less veracious — "Women, like water, break forth only in imprisonment; left free, little by little she will find her own level."

A clearly definite and not uninstructive cycle of feminine effort may be studied in Italian history, during the time immediately antecedent to the Renaissance, and in the course of that brilliant period itself. It has, too, the advantage of distance of time and of place, the impersonality of the past.

In the days of the troubadours, women were at once enslaved and the objects of perfunctory and unreal adulation. Later, when Italy was distracted by its minute subdivisions of hostility, State against State, city against city, and family against family, the women, left unprotected in the absence of their fathers and husbands gone to the wars, took shelter in the convents. There, in forlorn and enforced leisure, began the studies which developed into the passion for learning and art which, afterward, gave to Italy a marvellous constellation of accomplished women.

The scholarly Gregorovius has noted that the idea that mental cultivation is unfeminine, never occurred to the Italian mind, but was purely of Germanic origin. Even the "viragos" were so called with no shade of reproach. Little maidens of the Renaissance were vowed to the muses, as in the mediæval times they had been dedicated to a saint and a cloister.

The education of a girl was identical with that of her brother.

This brilliant field-day of the feminine intelligence did not dawn unheralded. The first recorded complaint of woman against man in general was filed by a Florentine lady of the thirteenth century, whose name has been handed down to us only as "The Accomplished Damsel." Her scorn is verbal: —

> "Hence would I have no husband and no lord,
> Nor stay within the world by will of mine.
> Remembering that all men are clothed with evil,
> Each one of them I hold in great disdain."

Yet we shall be obliged to consider that her case went by default, since when Monte da Firenze made declarations of love to her, she accepted them in verse not less enthusiastic than her previous effort. The first note of woman's war was given with no uncertain sound by Leonora della Genga, who emerged from the crowd of erudite and devout and sentimental dames of the fourteenth century, and announced her views in a sonnet of which — let the reader accept the assurance — the following is but a pallid translation: —

> "Give over, men, to say and to declare
> That nature nothing but the man intends,
> And that to form the feminine she lends,
> Except against her will, but little care.
> What envy takes your minds, what cloud is there
> That your intelligence not comprehends
> How all her strength on woman she expends
> And gives to you of glory a lesser share?

To wield the sword do women know right well,
To govern empires; yea, and furthermore
They know the road which leads to Helicon.
In everything you are inconsiderable,
Ye men, compared to them. No man hath power
To take away the prize or crown they have won."

Boccaccio refers to this sonnet in his treatise *De Claris Mulieribus;* and under the auspices of the courtly teller of tales, was begun the intellectual development of Italian femininity. A gentle throng of poetesses imitated the songs of Petrarca; the learned ladies studied law, theology, and philosophy — the latter branch including also medicine. Later, "the humanities," Greek and Latin, were added to the list of studies. Bitisia Gozzadini was Laureate of Law. Novella and Bettina Andrea prepared briefs and instructed classes in jurisprudence, — the former with a veil drawn over her beautiful face, not to distract the attention of the students. Galeana Saviola defended her husband, the Senator Brancaleone, from false accusations, before the public council of Bologna. Caterina of Siena, by force of religious genius and of nervous crises, was powerful with popes and rulers. Eleonora Arborea defended the rights of the people in the third part of the island of Sardinia, inherited from her father; and Battista Malatesta, wife of the governor of Pesaro, ruled without recourse to caprice or intrigue. Veronica Gambara wrote sonnets and insured the place and prosperity of her sons. Vittoria Colonna appeared the ideal woman of the Italian Renaissance, passionately faithful to her love, devout, poetic, and companionable to such men as Michael Angelo.

Every phase of the modern agitation has its parallel in the period of Italian history which has just been rapidly recalled; of these may be also remembered the curious apotheosis of woman which was a theory of the cinque-cento, and which offers, perhaps, some parallel points with that worship, already noted, which is among the most emphasized tenets of modern theosophy. The feminine apotheosis announced in the sixteenth

century was solemn and clamorous. A great army of paladins arose to defend and glorify woman at all costs. Her equality of rights was proclaimed by the milder propagandists, while others called her the most perfect of creatures, and absolutely superior to man. Francesco Coccio, of Venice, stated in his treatise of the "Nobility of Women," written in a style whose inflations and affected graces it would be impossible to render in nineteenth-century English: that "Adam signifies *earth*, and Eve is interpreted *life;* and as life is worthier than earth, so is woman to be placed before man." And he claims, in conclusion, to have fully proved that worth is possessed by woman above man, from religion, nature, human law, and from various authorities, reasons, and examples." Domenichi and Bruno da Pistoia wrote similar apologies for woman, quite in the style of some of the modern writings, which a critic has cleverly called "Theosophomorical," and which, by the way, must not for a moment be confounded with the brilliant and generally moderate thesis of Prof. Coues.

The fashion fairly set in Italy, it was followed by such writers as Speroni, Ruscelli, Cardinal Pompeo, Colonna, while Ariosto, Molza, Bandello, Giraldi, and others sang the praises of one or another eminent woman. Toward the middle of the sixteenth century, the apotheosis of woman reached its climax, when by decree of the Academy of the *Dubbiosi* of Venice, Giovanna d'Aragona was called divine, and there was raised to her the "*Temple built by all the most gentle spirits, and in all the principal languages of the world.*" These demonstrations, however, had more or less opposition from conservative minds.

Innumerable examples of women, eminent in painting, in sculpture, in all professions, warlike chatelaines, and patriotic wives and mothers, might be cited; but enough has been said to show how complete was the opportunity given in course of the centuries of the Renaissance for Italian women to emancipate themselves, to fill the ranks of professional life, to become the rivals of men in every department of society. One would

expect to find in the united free Italy of to-day an extraordinary element of femininity, basing itself on the traditions of the cinque-cento, and leading the movement in favor of woman's rights. On the contrary, the ideal of the Italian woman is extremely feminine, less vivacious than the French, less adventurous than the English, less independent and audacious than the American. Of course, the problem of woman is discussed with interest in Italy, and feminine opportunities are larger than they were a few years ago. But it is not probable that a new Leonora della Genga will arise to lead a chorus of feminine malcontents.

After all, the lesson of this historical excursus is not very apparent, except so far as we may be led to believe that as soon as each succeeding freshet of feminine progress bursts its imprisoning dikes, it will find its level and its flood to be for the enrichment, not the confusion, of the world.

Portland, Me., April 9, 1890.

"A WOMAN IN THE CASE."

Pursuant to the Programme of the Sixty-fifth Annual Commencement of the National Medical College, held in the Congregational Church of Washington, March 16, 1887, *Prof. Coues said,* —

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen: — This is the Sixty-fifth Annual Commencement of the National Medical College; which means, among other things, that it has taken the Medical Department of Columbian University more than threescore years to grow wise enough to secure what was needed — a woman graduate. Now it only takes a woman three years to secure what she may desire — a diploma. Whence I infer, that my respected colleagues as well as myself have been taking a lesson in Theosophy. On which subject I will speak for the hour, at the hazard of fanning into flame every spark of smouldering opposition to free-thinking and out-speaking there may be within reach of my breath.

There should be a great moral lesson in this occasion, if one could be clever enough to find it out. What is the reason, I ask, why two generations of estimable gentlemen should have hugged the notion that this University could do better without than with the aid and countenance of woman? If that were true, a college would be the only thing of the kind extant — quite unique in its way. And since it has proven to be untrue, what is there about this third generation of professors that has set them to teaching young ladies as well as young gentlemen? Whatever it may be, I take it for a healthy sign of the times — a significant straw that points, like a thousand others, to the deathless Spirit of Progress, bound though she be to the body of every prejudice, menaced though she be by the mediocrity of the multitude, cursed though she be with the curse of the commonplace.

To go back no more than ten years — during which I have had a voice in these matters — I well remember, when I began to lecture, that a number of ladies who wished to learn what I professed to teach, asked if they might not attend. "Certainly," I said; "I should be delighted to have you do so, but of course I am authorized to speak only for myself. Better make formal application to the Faculty, and let us see what can be done."

Now I confess that I was half-hearted about it at the time, and that I gave my would-be pupils only lip-service. Yet

the rest of the Faculty did no better. Those ladies came for a while, during the time their application was pending, only to find themselves tolerated by young gentlemen who knew no better, and by older ones who ought to have known better, till their application was refused. The Faculty had held a meeting about it, and no doubt the Trustees also. We had hum'd and haw'd, and twiddled our thumbs, and squirmed in our seats, as men do when they do not know what to do. Every one of us was in favor of the higher education of women, and so forth, and so forth. But, when it came to the vote, the vote was "No." And I suspect that for some little time thereafter the rest of the Faculty were as busy as myself in framing polite excuses — in cultivating the art of polite lying.

"But" — what was the matter with our fair applicants? Nothing. What was the matter with the Faculty? Nothing. What was the matter with the Trustees? Nothing. But — the time had not come for the college to catch up with the times. And yet, will you believe me, I am speaking of less than ten years ago.

Well: the sessions came and the sessions went, as they had done for half a century, till one fine day the door-bell rang again — this time with no uncertain sound. It rang as if whoever pulled it had a right to the handle. For a figure of speech, I may say it was only the postman of the times, who brought a letter for the Faculty. That letter

was stamped "Public Opinion." That letter was signed "Progress." And Progress demanded of Prejudice to be informed why in Washington one half of the population could study medicine and the other half could not have the same privilege; what was the matter with half the people in the city, that they should stand in the way of the other half; and what was the matter with the other half, that they should thus be withstood? Could it be because those were men, and these were women? Or what, then?

Very simple questions these, that the college could not answer. A very civil service examination that the college could not pass. So the Faculty asked the Trustees. The Trustees did not know, and they asked the Faculty to ask one another. Not one of us could give the rest any satisfactory answer. And then the alacrity with which we invited both halves of the whole city to sit at our feet and become doctors showed that we had done with at least one prejudice, and were quick to respond to Progress backed by Public Opinion.

Yet I do not observe that any convulsion of nature has attended the admission of women to our college upon the same footing as other students, subject to the same requirements and restrictions, entitled to the same rights and privileges as the rest of the class. Not even an earthquake, nor ever a sign from a Wiggins that the earth is going to quake. On the contrary, lectures have gone on just the

same; the class has steadily increased in number and improved in quality; the decorum of the class-room had never been violated before, and has not been since; study in the clinic has been not less successful; work in the chemical and physiological laboratories and in our anatomical "Bluebeard's closet" has been done as usual; the quizzes have sharpened the students' wits as they did before; and the terrors of the green-room have been faced down just as they used to be. Commencement-day has come again, punctually on time, and this pleasant evening is passing away according to the printed programme.

What need, then, to have told this little story out of school — what need now accentuate a drama already played? Yes — enacted in colleges of most of the great cities of Europe and America long before it claimed the boards of the capital of the United States — this abolition of odious, because unjust, discrimination against the sex of woman, in the matter of her acquiring knowledge enough to enter one of the learned professions; pleased as I am to observe such result accomplished, I am still more puzzled to discover — why it took so long.

Was it that our forefathers objected to the education of women in medicine, and had the power to enforce their objection? Or was it that our foremothers were in such a state of subjection that they could not insist upon their right to be educated as well as men? If the former, then men *are* wiser

in our generation than they were before. If the latter, then women *are* better off than they used to be. And in either case there has been progress in the right direction, of which we may all be proud.

For I assume it to be an axiom that knowledge is well — a good thing for any one to have. Knowledge of no kind is good for half the world only; any kind which both halves may not share is bad. That wretched saw, which says a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, applies but to the plenteous ignorance which a little knowledge implies in its possessor. Real knowledge is too precious a possession to be reserved for our sex. True knowledge is too sad a burden to be borne by us alone. Great knowledge is a weapon too potent to be intrusted only to the hands of men. All real true knowledge begins when we begin to know ourselves; and none is greater than the knowledge of self, at once the starting-point and the goal of the human race we run. For nothing real and true exists for any one of us save that, the reality and truth of which is already in us; and the realization of what is true within us is the utmost possible human achievement. Seek not abroad for that which you would possess, but find it within, or find it never! If the fear of the Lord be the beginning of wisdom, — the beginning of that spiritual Gnosis for which all human knowledge is but a preparation, — then whoso is lord of self has nothing else to fear. To "know thyself" is the key to the Godhead.

What easier, earlier steps may one take in the direction of this knowledge than to learn the construction and the working of the natural body we inhabit? The grossest parts of us are the easiest to find out about, and for a while the most useful things one can know. Take a skeleton — the bony framework of the body. Any one of average intelligence can learn it in a few weeks. Clothe it next with the muscles by which that set of bones is moved about. Furnish it with blood, coursing through numberless arteries and veins. Supply it with food and air by the means of appropriate organs. Ventilate and drain it. Quicken it with a nervous system. Then get into it and keep it in order, and you will find that the more intelligently you occupy that habitation, the bigger and more instructive a world it turns out to be. This is a safe kind of knowledge, because it is so sure; and I do not see that there is any other kind of which this kind may not become the soundest basis. For, who should presume to talk physiology except he knows anatomy well? Who should talk of psychology except he be grounded in physiology? Who should hope to know of the mind except as it is manifested in, by, and through the body? Who is competent to instruct you in philosophy, in ethics, in religion itself, if he be ignorant of the physical mechanism of thought and feeling? Who that has not grasped the significance of the vital processes that go on in our bodies is likely to have any accurate and reliable information on the general question of the conduct of human life?

Who that does not know the parts and powers and principles that enter into the composition of physical human nature is competent to have or to give any opinion that shall be entitled to our respect concerning the higher mental and spiritual aspects of human nature? No one, I think.* For in the present mode of existence to which we are condemned so long as we wear the flesh, the soul or spiritual body is so inextricably blended with the physical or material form, and so subject to mechanical conditions of activity, that no clear knowledge of

* That is the reason why the pulpit, as a rule, floods the pews with such a deluge of antediluvian sewage. No man is fit to be a preacher of so-called divine truth who is not posted on the facts of human nature. He ought to know what sort of things he is talking to, as well as what he is talking about. Every man who wants to be a divine expert ought to base his claim to that function on human expertness. He ought to be a fair anatomist, a good physiologist, and a first-rate psychologist. Would you trust your person to a locomotive engineer whom you thought did not know the construction and operation of his engine, or the force of steam? Yet thousands of people, sensible enough in the affairs of daily life, listen with reverence to the glib gibberish of demented declamation from the pulpit, because a sort of spurious sanctity hedges about that castle of cowardice, that asylum of ignorance, in which persons who do not know, perhaps, which side of the body holds the liver, will tell you all about the rise and especially the fall of man, the destiny of the human race, — the plans, purposes, and methods of Providence, — predestination, foreordination, reprobation, salvation, damnation, and all the rest of the mystification and twistification and stultification of the facts of human nature — bosh, I say.

the former seems to be possible unless it proceed upon some understanding of the latter. Otherwise, it is all fancy, speculation, groping blindly — it is anything but knowledge. It is gambling against fate, with all that we have and hope for at stake; a game in playing which the ignorant and the careless are the most to be envied, because they are the happiest.

But the kind of knowledge, upon the virtue and value of which I am now insisting, is to be acquired, in its rudiments at least, by what is commonly called "medical" education. And those things which are usually taught in medical colleges seem to me to be the best possible first lessons in the science of life — not merely a means of earning a living. Why, then, it is so commonly withheld from woman, is a question which will widen rather than the reverse as we recede from the particulars of this one profession and approach the general problem, whether sex makes any difference in the right of human beings to know, and in their duty to learn, anything and everything that will help them to understand themselves.

For, if medical knowledge be desirable for all those of either sex who have aptitude and ability and ambition in that direction, — why not legal lore also for those of both sexes who wish to practise law? And why not theological erudition for those women as well as men who wish to preach the gospel or exercise any other ecclesiastical functions? And why not political economy and state-craft and a voice in the affairs of the country for those born diplomats — women — as well

as for men who must painfully learn to be statesmen? And if state-craft, what other craft, then, or handiwork, or business, or avocation, or art, or any exercise or activity of mind or body, must man debar woman on account of her sex?

But ask me now — if woman be not the equal of man in everything, as free as he is to think, speak, act, with every right that is his, hers also — and I answer: No. These things have never been hers, and never will be, so long as there lingers in any community any relic of barbarism to discriminate unjustly against her, as every barbarian does; and all these things and more are hers in precise proportion to the civilization of mankind and the humanizing of humanity. Yet not until the coming race shall have come, will her rightful place cease to be disputed.

Whose is the fault, that perfect equality is not yet her lot in any part of the world? She is not equal to her best when attacked with a club, as is done in Australia, for example. Nor when made a beast of burden, as the Indians do out West. Nor when harnessed to a cart or a plough with the cattle, as may be seen in more than one part of Europe. Nor when her feet are pinched out of shape in China. Nor when she is shut up in a seraglio for some lazy Turk's amusement. Nor when any heathen can be found to go about with a fan to hold up before his face when she is near, for fear of nobody but himself knows what. Nor when barter or sale, or hire, or any transaction that springs not

from brave and honest manhood, can win her gracious favor.

It is a long stride forward from the club of the savage bearing down upon her person, to the lance of chivalry couched to defend her fame. And every step of the way has been toilingly, painfully passed over, in the lives of individuals and in the lifetimes of nations — or has been speedily, happily taken, according to the measure of man's recognition of woman's equal rights.

At any period, in any country or community, it is neither the strength of the soldier's arm, nor the length of the merchant's purse, nor the reach of the church's voice, nor the sweep of the king's command,— none of these is it that fixes time and place in the unfolding of the human race, declaring to what stage a people has arriven. A surer sign of dignity and power may be discerned in manhood's estimate of womanhood. Let that be low, and the Australian club is but hidden, not thrown away. Let that esteem be high, and every weapon of the savage has been used to kindle on happy hearths a flame more sacred than ever Vestal tended in the temple — a fire, quenchless because divine, irradiating home.

Complex beyond description are the social dynamics involved in this problem of the sex-relation, upon the delicate adjustment of which the well-being, present or prospective, of every community depends. If it be granted that in any

given case the place which woman may take and hold determines the place that community takes and holds, — let us see some of the forces that work to hasten or retard the process of development. I do not now speak of savagery, where she is subject to brute force; nor of semicivilization, that makes her a pretty toy, — but of some of the higher rounds of national existence, to which the term civilized may be applied. What is here the friction that retards, and the consequent loss of power to do and be all that she would, were she free to act out her whole nature, and accomplish her destined mission?

I can name at least three great stumbling-blocks in her way, if I dare to do so. The first of these is — religious intolerance; and the second of these is — scientific insolence; and the third of these is — social tyranny.

For religious intolerance says to every woman: "You cannot be trusted with your own soul; therefore I will take charge of that, and tell you what you are to believe and how you must feel in your heart toward God and man."

For scientific insolence says to every woman: "You cannot be trusted with your own mind; so I will do your thinking for you, and then I will tell you as much as I think you are capable of understanding, or, at any rate, as much as I think it is good for you to know."

For social tyranny says to every woman: "You cannot be trusted with your own person; so I will regulate your conduct."

Thus is a triple-headed Cerberus set to guard womanhood, — to guard womanhood, which, if it be worthy of the name, is fit to keep the keepers of that brute; and which, if it be unworthy, is not worth watching.

It grates upon the ears of every stiff-necked sectarian in this church, and startles every timorous time-server of ecclesiasticism, to hear me say that religious bigotry is first among the forces that tend to enslave women. But history gives me the warrant to say, that woman is free, first and mainly, according to the degree of her emancipation from priestcraft, in whatever form of orthodox authority that hateful yoke may be placed upon her neck.

Among the really great religions of the world, — among the few colossal systems of belief, in comparison with which the sects in our midst are motes in the sunbeam of eternal truth, the Brahminical church stands easily foremost in the power it has wielded as the fitting consort of tyrannous temporal rulers, the best-equipped, and, for time out of mind, the best-managed system of spiritual oppression the world has ever seen. The revolt of humanity from that atrocious hierarchy, whose heel was harder than the sword of earthly kings — the reaction of Progress upon Prejudice, culminated more than two thousand years ago in Buddhism, which to-day compels the conscience of one third of the human race. And I ask, Has woman ever had her rights in Asia? ever been equal to her best in the Orient? Never! It

mattered little whether her masters were Brahmins or Buddhists, or Mahometans or Zoroastrians, or priests of the tribe of Levi — her slavery was but of one or another form — slavery still. And if such be the spectacle of Eastern lands, what reflection of that image is held up to view in Europe and America? Two or three centuries after the Man of Sorrows had been put to shameful death for speaking out of the Spirit of God that filled him — even as Manu had spoken it before, and Moses, and Zoroaster, and Buddha — there arose under Roman rule a hierarchy only less potent than its predecessors to work by the same methods to identical ends. Not to spread the true "Light of Asia," — not to hold aloft the torch of fire divine that Christ rekindled on Calvary, — but to galvanize anew a creedal corpse, propped up on two legs, which are the Devil and Damnation, backed up by the dogma of a papal infallibility. And where the hand of the Roman Church is heaviest, there the head of womanhood is bowed the lowest down. What chance has her sensitive, shrinking soul in the clutch of an incubus? None, unless she wrests herself from such embrace with a mighty effort. The revolt from Catholic tyranny that was inevitable — the same antidote to Romanism that Buddhism had administered to Brahminism — was found in Protestantism. The mistress of Martin Luther inspired the Reformation when she fired the imagination and girded the loins of that sturdy protester. If one woman did that, no wonder that among the many nearest

to Henry the Eighth, one was found able to precipitate yet another rebellion by stiffening that magnificent brute into imposing upon the predominant race of men a placid and intensely respectable Episcopacy, — that emasculate bastard of the scarlet woman of Rome.

And so with every outward form of religion that sets and hardens into a mould of worldly shaping, till the very spirit of religion is petrified, and no longer vivifies the soul. Forms of belief repeat their shifting shapes incessantly in the letter of the law that killeth, and who is strong enough to withstand the letter that is not wise enough to discern its secret meaning? Churches have their uses, since the womanhood of the world is not yet fully developed. Churches have their uses, whilst the womanhood of the world is being further developed. Churches have their uses, until the womanhood of the world shall be perfectly developed. Woman's emancipation goes hand in hand with the loosening of each ecclesiastical fetter that is loosed in turn. And whenever the time shall come to protest against this episode of our time and place which we miscall Christianity; to protest against . . . Protestantism; to revolt from that and every other self-styled hierarchical authority that would presume to set bounds to the Spirit; to rebel against the custody of the soul by any guardian save the soul's supreme self-conscience, — whenever that time shall be upon us, I say, perfected womanhood it will be that shall enter that last protest. Then will the woman-

soul of the world have been enthroned again, even as it was before the tempter came and conquered. Then will have been regained in triumph that divine estate she lost so long ago. Then will the seed of her spirit have bruised the head of the serpent. And then shall the Veil of Isis be riven, and the naked truth be not ashamed. Then shall the seal set upon the lips of the Sphinx be broken, that man may know from whose lips to learn the secret of life, for the want of knowing which he now dies daily.

That is the message some woman may bring to every man, if he be but fitted to receive it. That she stammers and blushes in the telling is less her fault than his. He should not bid her be ruled by religions of his making, for she should be his religion.

What I have called " scientific insolence " is that peculiar exhibition of vanity which men make when they act as if they thought masculine intellect superior to feminine intuition. I presume we are quite unconscious, for the most part, of our egregious egotism in this particular — for intellectual arrogance is natural to man. How deeply rooted is our mental pride, and how sedulously such conceit is fostered by the every way that things go on at present, is witnessed in the fact that we always challenge the right and fitness of women to be doctors, or lawyers, or ministers, or anything else requiring brains for its successful exercise. That which in us goes without saying, in her we want the proof of. But let us take up a point or two.

The best practice of medicine is but a reasonable and careful extension of the best nursing, and no one doubts whose nursing is always the best. I cannot speak for the law, but if it be good legal practice to argue unanswerably and repeat the process as often as occasion arises, I presume it is within the experience of most persons that the fair sex can do that as well as some other persons. I certainly should not speak for the clergy, but if it be the privilege and the duty of that profession to help us all in some of our darkest hours with words of faith and hope and charity, then I may cite —

> "The perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command."

And the poets, though they may not always hit the mark, are of all men the "least liars."

It is true, no doubt, that in the pure sciences few women have attained any excellence, and fewer still, if any, have made themselves pre-eminent. But I cannot suppose that this argues any real intellectual inferiority. Rather, I would say, it is because we men, — in this day when science is the regnant cult, is the orthodox way of setting one's mind at work, is not less grasping and tyrannous in its way than church dogmas are in theirs, is not less presumptuous in measuring all things by its own standards and trying all things by its own methods, is not less intolerant of difference of opinion, is not less supercilious when criticised and

not less savage when contradicted,— it is because we men assume that what is scientifically true in a given instance must be the whole truth of that case. This is why women take less kindly to science, as a rule, than men do. Because most of them know better. They are quicker to perceive, and readier to assert, that the gross materialism with which the scientific camp is now so strongly fortified is at best but a half-truth, inadequate to handle all the truth there is to be found by those who know of the finer and keener powers that the human soul may command in the search for wise self-knowledge. Spiritual truth is intuitively recognized, and when discerned is felt to be of a higher order than any physical or mechanical fact can be, in the very nature of the case, from the very constitution of human nature. It is not so much her rebellion from, as her indifference to, bare scientific facts, that characterizes the more finely organized and more keenly sensitized half of our race; it is a real and sincere conviction on her part of the greater value and use and beauty of many things which science leaves out of its scheme. As much as to say, of a given scientific fact: "Is that so? Well, what of it?" That being a question which all of us, sooner or later, as we discard illusions one after another, come to face and find to be unanswerable, I think we should have great sympathy with the quick and vivid feminine intelligence which instinctively assumes that attitude. The point is not that womanly minds are unscientific, for the greatest

scientists who have ever lived have been men who possessed those peculiarly feminine powers of creative imagination and those intuitions which enabled them to divine truths they had afterward to support and defend with their slower and more masculine logic. I should rather say that such fine fibre and sheeny quality of mind are superscientific, reaching over and beyond, securing most precious acquisitions denied forever to duller understanding. Such minds work on a higher plane; they take in clearer cognitions, upon which they rest, finding them restful, with which they live, finding them good to die with. Yet such perceptions cannot be formulated, nor even described; least of all can they be made common property. The wisdom that passeth all understanding — a very theosophy — comes not into the life of any who fancy that by taking thought they may find it out. Only those who live the life of the Spirit shall know the secret doctrine. Only those who are at one with that which is true can know it with a kind of knowing that has no need of logic. Leave to the watchers on the house-tops of science the clear short scope of their well-defined horizon. Let but the inner eye be trained to see, and every limitation vanishes in the light that flashes from peak to peak of those heights whereon the seers of our race have stood to point the ever-upward way. The processes of reasoning are not the final steps in such ascents. Logic is the scaffolding of half-understanding — the mainstay of every

half-truth. The evidence of the senses is circumstantial, elusive, fugacious. The evidence of that which is unseen, unheard, unknown indeed to human reason, is the direct enduring testimony of such kind as never has the science of any age been able to break down.

Yet that of which I speak must subsist as best it may in the rough-and-tumble of life, and its place is safer behind the veil of feminine qualities than beneath the shield of masculine attributes. Wherefore, as it seems to me, that scientific insolence which plays the tyrant over a finer science than its own, and would do the thinking for all mankind, and womankind too, is a piece of characteristic conceit. If our science has a duty of the hour which it owes to its own self-respect, that duty is, to purge itself of contempt of that court which is capable of overruling scientific decisions, and from whose ruling there is no appeal. I mean that higher than the mere police court of the physical world, — that inner court where the soul, be it of scientist or other, is brought to judgment to answer whether or not it has been true to itself amid all the mazes of matter, amid all the illusions of the world, amid all the delusions of the senses. If such account cannot be fairly rendered by the man of science, then woman must be adjudged to have been the better scientist all along, because a clearer and farther-seeing human being, — one who knew she was right, and suffered unjustly because she could not prove it to all men's satisfaction.

If there be any sense in what I have urged, namely, that feminine brains are as good thinking-machines as is the masculine instrument of thought, — and if women are found to prove this in purely professional and scientific lines, for example, by passing as good a medical examination as other students, — how then does it happen that ladies are excluded from the Philosophical and the Biological and the Anthropological Societies of Washington? Is it that the time is not come for that? Or is it simply because these societies are conducted by gentlemen for their own private purposes? If so, it is simply the Turk business in a new line of activity, — what may be called Turkish in theory at least, and hence not quite civilized in practice. There might, indeed, be some difficulty in persuading ladies to attend, since such places are uncommonly dull. But I think the deeper difficulty is this: that our philosophers are not quite philosophical enough, and our biologists are not sufficiently biological, and our anthropologists prefer to be anthropological in a man-sided manner. For, observe: if true philosophy inculcates serenity and tranquillity of mind under all circumstances, together with entire resignation to the inevitable, no married man can doubt a woman's ability to teach philosophy. And if patience under long-suffering, silent endurance of wrongs, moral courage and fortitude, cheerfulness, kindliness, and every bright fine virtue that can adorn personal character, be among the best outcomes of the wisest philosophy of life, who is there to doubt

her ability to practise philosophy? How, then, does she shine through her absence from the Philosophical Society? Again: if biology be the science of life, as the name implies, and not merely the study of the bones and skins and furs and feathers of the lower animals, as it appears now to be, what is there about the science of biology that should restrict its study to men? Women have surely an equal interest in the science as well as the art of living, — why not, then, an equal share in its study, and an equal voice in biological councils? The most vital of all biological questions do, in fact, wait upon her answer; why, then, does the Council of the Biological Society meet and adjourn without asking her advice? Once more: anthropology is the science of man; that is, of mankind — the human race — humanity; it is the science, not of men only, but of men and women. Therefore, how does it happen that only one sex discusses the problems presented to the Anthropological Society? To keep it one-sided, as it is now kept, would seem to argue that anthropology is merely the science of men, and of men, moreover, who know that there are things about themselves that they do not wish women to discover. Thackeray prayed that "our womenfolks might never find us out"; but that is a prayer which God has never been kind enough to answer in our favor. There ought not to be any occasion for it, and there would not be, if the refining and ennobling, and, in a word, the civilizing potency of womanhood had that free scope and fair play and full effect which are its divine birthright.

Perhaps these questions will answer themselves when we grow still more civilized, just as the question of the co-education of the sexes in this college has given its own answer to-night.

My third point, the social tyranny which enslaves us all, but terrorizes women especially, is too pointed to need sharpening by any words of mine. Everybody knows that nobody is anybody who is not in the fashion. Every woman knows, I am informed, that the consciousness of being well dressed brings a peace of mind that religion cannot confer. And doubtless there are conquests to be made in other fields than those of science. What next shall I say? I do not know.*

* That, of course, was an innocent oratorical fiction. I knew perfectly well what to say next, and, in fact, it was in the manuscript from which I read, but my audience had grown so scary and gaspy at this point that I spared them. It was simply my compliments to a horrid old female bugaboo, named Mrs. Grundy, whose nose I pulled in Washington some years ago, and who has never since fallen in love with me. I intended to disrobe the old lady and show her in her naked ugliness; but the church was full of young people, and it was hardly the place for practising public dissection of such a monstrosity. I also reflected that in the present state of fashionable society, so cunningly contrived to stimulate sexual passion and punish its gratification under other than the "high license" of the church, it is much more difficult for any woman than for any man to treat Mother Grundy as she ought to be served. Almost every one is ready to applaud a man whose attitude is: "They say — what do they say? — let them say on"; but few are found to render like tribute to the woman who assumes like independence of scandal and gossip. But the remedy is in her own hands, after all; and as long as she will submit to

But there is something rotten in Washington, if there never was in Denmark, when to be well dressed is to be half-undressed, putting religion quite out of mind, and putting science to its trumps in trying to cure pneumonia. Dress-reform, for one thing, cannot begin too soon for morals or for health, or stay too long for the benefit of society; unless, indeed, the world is only a stage — a stage, that is, in our progress from low comedy to the legitimate drama of life. But

be talked down for fear of being talked up, just so long will she be under the lash of Grundy's tongue. What I know of the comparative purity of masculine and feminine morals in the matter of their mutual relations, leads me to the theory that a woman who "needs watching," as the phrase goes, is not worth watching; and that if she were, she would contrive to elude the social sentinels — those post-dated tabbies who talk away their grandchildren's reputations behind their turkey-tail fans. The reason why "society" is in such a perpetual panic about the private morals of its female members is not because it is moral, but because it is afraid of being found out. Considering how well it knows itself, that fear is due to a reasonable and commendable instinct of self-preservation. That raises the question, however, whether such an artificial system of herding the sexes is worth the care requisite to keep it up. It is a vastly complicated evolution of the Turkish idea, according to which a woman will be bad if she has a chance, so she is locked up — a method which commends itself for simplicity, directness, and effect. We retain the idea, simply substituting a Grundy for a eunuch; and until we dismiss the idea, and proceed upon a better opinion of female virtue, we shall continue to employ only palliative instead of remedial measures against the vices and follies of our social fabric.

here is woman already reigning supreme; it is for her to say how all such things shall be. If she is satisfied with society as it is, there is nothing more to be said: she will continue to be watched as now, so long as she is content to acknowledge whose name is called Frailty. Social slavery is just fit for social slaves! Their emancipation will not be proclaimed till they cease to be such of their own accord, in full, clear, steady recognition of the equal right of every human being to say to religion, to say to science, to say to society, "I helped to make you what you are; I will help to make you over again, if you do not suit me."

No one can foretell the result, or presume to limit the power of this splendid spirit of individual right to individual opinion, to individual character, to individual conduct. Think, be, and do for yourselves, and take the consequences. A woman says to herself, "Your medical college does not suit me; therefore, I will make it over." And the thing is done. Let but the same spirit prevail in the State, till woman's present political disabilities be removed!*

* I am, of course, an uncompromising suffragist, and I believe that woman needs the ballot-box more than that box needs her, though I have little respect for the personal character, and less for the political methods, of Miss Susan B. Anthony, who seems to have lately injured the cause by some very cheap tricks. Women must learn that it is not men's fault, but their own, that they are not allowed to vote. The real reason why they are denied the ballot, is that a majority of their sex do not want to vote.

That spirit which says to itself "I will" is invincible. Will-power made the world, and every one of us has it in some degree. That power is all abroad to-day, and a fiery train of goods and ills is following after. Free-thought is breaking the back of an intolerable because intolerant the-

And the reason why they do not want to vote, is because they do not know enough to feel that want. And the principal reason why they are thus ignorant, is their theological superstitions about the Bible and St. Paul, etc. The church is mainly built and supported by the timidity and docility and sentimentality of the emotional half of our race. Woman fancies she needs the church, when the fact is, the church could not get along without her. If she should "stand from under," every symbol of barbarous phallic worship we now witness in the church steeple would totter and fall forever. The Roman Church knows this as well as I do; the Protestant Church, representing a sort of amateurish priestcraft, has not made that discovery. In fine, the church is to-day the bulwark of female slavery, just as fifty years ago it was the stronghold of negro slavery. I am not surprised when some old, worn-smooth hack suffragist, like Miss Anthony, says, "O, give 'em a little Jesus if they want it!" for I understand her flirtation with the orthodox God-in-the-Constitution Church party. But I am astonished and perplexed when I see Miss Frances E. Willard, a bright and brainy and all-alive woman, using her great influence to keep women under the ban of clerical despotism and scriptural superstitions, — though I had to laugh, as any heathen philosopher might, to hear my good friend declare that "Christ shall be this world's king," when I remembered that the gentle Jew said of himself, "My kingdom is not of this world." As to such a difference of opinion between her Jesus and his Frances, I must let them settle it themselves. It is too deep a question for a benighted sinner like me.

ology, and brushing the cobweb creeds of orthodoxy from the living heart of a nobler, higher faith,—faith in God-made man, not in a man-made God. Free-thought in spiritualism, in theosophy, in psychic science, is pricking the over-blown bubble of a merely materialistic pseudo-science. Free-thought is setting social forces at work to disrupt every cast-iron conventionality. We are moving on at a fearful pace, acquiring irresistible momentum. Events crowd closer and faster every day. Let the sluggards in spirit be quickened, let the dullards in thought awaken, let the laggards in life improve their gait, lest the fate of all such be upon them! The spirit of these times is change — change — change; fit yourselves for new conditions or perish, for only the fittest survive. Leave a timorous time-serving to its own servitude; let the dogmas of the churches decay in their own decrepitude; and challenge the puerilities of a kind of science that is already in its second childhood. The protest of senile conservatism is futile. We cannot stand still; we must make progress in the teeth of every prejudice. Change is the ringing key-note of the hour. Where are but yesterday's most cherished beliefs and hopes most dear and burdens most sore? Buried with yesterday's setting sun, if we are wiser to-day. And what of to-morrow's rising sun? Who shall be the heralds of the new dawn, and what shall be ushered in? We — we of to-day are those heralds; and what we will to do to-day, it is that ushers in the morning

fair or foul for us every one. Patience — patience — let the fruit of works ripen ; let these parlous times mature. What next? If we would be wise, let us prophesy after the event. If we would know "what next," let us wait and see; "they also serve who wait." Only one thing is safe to say: Men never act alone. They cannot. They may think they do, but they do not. The only safe prediction is this: Whatever the case may be, there will be a woman in the case, God bless her!

POSTSCRIPT.

THEOSOPHY IN THE COLLEGES.

BY MRS. JENNIE E. HICKS.

[The Washington *Post*, Sunday, June 12, 1887.]

The Arlington, WASHINGTON, June 9, 1887.

IT is sometimes a rash thing to set your light upon a hill-top where it may be seen of all men, and cast its rays afar to light up the surrounding obscurity. There are people who pertinaciously cling to their cobwebs and shadows, and who refuse to let in the light. Whoever sets about to uproot popular prejudices is sure to be assailed, and to awaken a hornet's nest about his devoted ears. A tempest in a teapot has long been brewing in Washington's scientific, religious, and social circles, and all because one man has been found in their midst who is brave enough to have the courage of his opinions, and to publicly proclaim them even under the austere noses of the straitlaced Faculty and Trustees of a venerable university, in the presence of a packed audience of Washington's most sedate and reverent church-goers, who gathered to listen to the graduating exercises of the National Medical College, — the Medical Department of the Columbian University. The Commencement, which was the sixty-fifth of the college, was held beneath the vaulted roof of the Congregational Church, on G Street, and rarely have the vast audiences who have gathered within its walls been treated to a more genuine sensation than they were at this same festival. A terrible battle was opened upon that venerable platform

by a doughty knight of scientific fame, who set about slashing to the right and the left, making vigorous plunges with his keen-edged arguments and wit against all bigotries and prejudices, whether obsolete or still painfully alive, and quite regardless of consequences.

Prof. Elliott Coues delivered the closing address to the graduates. As he has long enjoyed the reputation of a man of vast acquirements, the large audience was quite confident that his address would be crammed with erudition, plentifully spiced with wit. Now, it is a little curious that there are minds quite susceptible of receiving knowledge, and of even rejoicing over the cramming process, if done in a perfectly orthodox way, but which very quickly rebel if anything startling or unexpected is administered. They strictly insist upon being led along those safe and conventional paths which have been trodden by generations gone by. Professing to be enamoured of originality, as it does, this is a world very much given to platitudes, of which it will swallow the largest doses with perfect equanimity, but once offer it something stronger for mental digestion, — something to jostle it out of the old ruts of philosophical or religious thought, — and, lo! it is incensed and alarmed at once, and immediately rebels. Yet where is the use of flying into a rage over a new idea? Better to sit down and calmly contemplate it. Is it because the mass of men are intellectually lazy, and do not wish to make Herculean efforts to let in the light through their hard-shell craniums, preferring to bask at their ease, soothed to tranquillity by the innocent hum of flies, and resenting the trumpet-tones which would call them out of their peaceful retreats and set them thinking? Prof. Coues is not the man to deal in platitudes, and in view of his recent studies and investigations, and those wider views of life and the needs of the age, which his researches have given him, it is not surprising that he should say things which were calculated to amaze his hearers. The one girl-graduate in the class was the key-note of the Professor's address. For many a long year women had vainly knocked at the door of the college for admission, imploring to be allowed the privilege of studying medical science. For

many a long year their request had been refused by the Trustees and Faculty, who had no valid reason to give, except that, as women never had been medical students, the mere idea was preposterous. What never had been ought not to be. That was all they had to say in justification. There was no precedent for opening the college doors to women, — and who so rash as to rush into a position as devoid of precedent as an exhausted receiver of air? Such a course could be but fatal; and thus, like many another deliberative body, these masculine wiseacres solemnly decreed among themselves that one half of the community should be debarred from the knowledge which was freely imparted to the other half. And in just such way men have been decreeing for centuries, until the other half are finally awakened to a sense of their own claims to an equal distribution of all the prizes of life, including education as well as things of lesser value. And thus the barriers are being broken down.

After giving the history of the futile efforts of women to enter the college, and complimenting the Faculty that after sixty-five years of waiting, one woman had now received her diploma, Prof. Coues went on to advocate the advancement of woman in all directions, and to throw the responsibility for her long period of bondage upon the religious intolerance, scientific insolence, and social tyranny of the age. . . .

It was a little curious to watch the effect of all this as the Professor went on. The graduates turned around in their chairs from time to time to look at him with wondering eyes. The Faculty grew nervous, and, while endeavoring to appear calm, felt something very like an earthquake beneath their feet, and could not keep from quaking. For what would people say? The distinguished naval officers who honored the occasion with their presence on the platform looked immensely profound and wise, and were not in the least to be shocked by anything which might fall from the speaker's lips — why should such valiant heroes be? They had seen active service; they had snuffed the actual powder of cannon in conflict; they were not afraid of that kind of bloodless warfare, but evidently

enjoyed it. Among the audience, the grave and reverent deacons, who sat, stiff and starched, with an over-powering respectability, stanchly upborne and supported by the proud consciousness that they were the pillars and lights of the church, rubbed their eyes, stared at the Professor, doubted their ears, and wondered what he could be driving at. Of course, a man who was addressing a class of graduating young men and one young woman could not be saying anything wrong, or out of the way, especially when that man was so learned as the Professor was reported to be. But something was evidently the matter — they could not say exactly what. The venerable matrons in the front pews looked sedately toward the platform through their glasses, and bore with the most unflinching lack of enthusiasm this vigorous onslaught upon the prejudices of the age made in behalf of their own sex,— not being at all clear in their own minds whether they approved of it all, until they had gone and slept over the matter. And the giggling girls in the rear were so busy exchanging glances with their adorers both on the platform and off it that they only caught stray sentences here and there, which they thought to be very fine; and meanwhile they ogled the "sweet girl-graduate" through their opera-glasses, as though she had been a new species of hyena, or something uncommonly dreadful.

But the Professor went valiantly on, despite the fidgeting Faculty upon the platform, and the stares and bewildered looks of the audience in the pews. He probably intended to amaze them all, and could not be blind to the effect. He knew that he was bitterly assailing many of his hearers in the form of their life-long beliefs. But, believing as he did, that these were but the dead ghosts of the past, and not veritable beings, — not truths, — was it not clearly his duty to assail them, and to sweep them away forever, as being totally unworthy? . . .

There was really nothing startling enough in the Professor's address to lead to tragical results. But the effect upon the Faculty was such that they declined to print the address, as was customary, upon which the Pro-

fessor resigned. Published in pamphlet form, and entitled "A Woman in the Case," Prof. Coues has given his address to the public at large, that it may judge for itself as to the truth or wisdom of his ideas. . . .

Although the true meaning of "Theosophy" is Divine wisdom, it is a theosophy the college wiseacres are afraid of. They are as much in dread of unusual knowledge as they were of the pretty or ugly women who kept rapping at their doors till they had to be admitted. And there are those who aver that these new ideas will also persist in following the women into the colleges till they too become a part of the daily routine. People will then be asking how any one could ever have thought of denying them admission. For, after all, there are already plenty of people who believe that Prof. Coues's ideas do not belong to Theosophy alone, but are hard, common-sense convictions which are coming to be entertained by many a thoughtful man and woman, and which one need not go to the far land of Buddha to unearth or discover.

SOPHIE SPARKLE.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

PRESS NOTICES OF THE BIOGEN SERIES.

BIOGEN: THE ORIGIN OF LIFE. — At the last meeting of the Philosophical Society, Dr. Coues delivered an address in response to an invitation to favor the society with his views on the origin and nature of life. The speaker came out in entire opposition to any mechanical theory of the universe, and any materialistic view of life. . . . The address was a closely woven piece of logic, quietly, but impressively, delivered. — *The Post* (Washington), May 11, 1882.

Few American ornithologists can rival Dr. Coues in his experiences of nature, and probably none can equal him in fertility of the pen. — *The Athenæum* (London), Sept. 9, 1882.

Work in a fresh field from such an accomplished author is one which all who know Dr. Coues's previous writings cannot hesitate to welcome. The fertility of the writer's pen really seems amazing. — *The Zoölogist* (London), October, 1882.

A composition entitled "The Dæmon of Darwin." — This poem, in blank-verse, — after describing in most thrilling language the death of Darwin and his descent into hell, where, under the guidance of a spirit, he witnessed the birth of matter, — was a most eloquent recital of the methods of evolution from Moner to Man, and closed with a dialogue between the disem-

bodied spirits of Darwin and Socrates. The recitation throughout was listened to with the deepest attention, and interrupted with frequent bursts of applause. — *National Republican*, Oct. 3, 1882.

Tributes to Darwin, on this side of the water, have not been wanting in number and heartiness. . . . In a Washington paper we find brief, but admiring, mention of a lecture on "The Dæmon of Darwin," delivered at the National Medical College, by Dr. Elliott Coues, whose motive seems to have been to indicate what philosophy may be deduced from the Darwinian Theory of Evolution, with special reference to its bearing upon Platonism and its anti-materialistic tendency. — *The Nation* (New York), Oct. 12, 1882.

His famous lecture on "The Dæmon of Darwin." — This remarkable prose poem is a most exquisite conception, the argument of which begins with the death of Darwin, his burial at Westminster Abbey, his descent into hell, where he witnesses the transformations of matter from Moner to Man, and the evolution of the soul. — *The National Republican*, Nov. 15, 1882.

The official body of the Unity Presbyterian Church passed, at their last meeting, resolutions of thanks to Dr. Coues for his lecture on the "Dæmon of Darwin." — *Exchange*, November, 1882.

It is refreshing to find that everything is not so solemn, and finished, and "grown up," in this world of ours, that wit and originality are not unknown quantities in the problem of human existence, and the most delightful realization of this is Dr. Coues's lecture on "The Dæmon of Darwin." It is unique and clever to the highest degree, and so cunningly written and happily communicated that one can hardly snatch a moment from its engrossing interest, and subtle and charming wit, to wonder how so infinite riches can be crowded in so little room. As a literary effort, the lecture is a success. — *The Capital* (Washington), Dec. 3, 1882.

The school officials have invited Dr. Coues to deliver his lecture, "The Dæmon of Darwin." . . . To the average mind, and to the child's mind still less so, the difference, if any, between Darwinism and atheism is not appreciable; and if the public instructors are to countenance this doctrine so openly, what assurance have the parents that the religious training of their children will not be neglected? — *The Post* (Washington), Feb. 17, 1883.

Replying to the assertions made in to-day's *Post*, to the effect that the lecture of Dr. Coues will greatly corrupt the morals of the scholars of the high school, I will say that the lecture is intended to meet and refute just such objections, by explaining the wide difference between atheism and Darwinism, and showing that the latter involves nothing inconsistent with the truth there is in the Bible, or with the most elevated and refined spirit of Christianity. HUGH M. SMITH.

He proceeds to argue as if Dr. Coues's lecture was in favor of the Darwinian system, so called, as opposed to the accepted doctrines of Christianity; whereas it is entirely opposed to it, and simply goes to prove the truth of revealed religion. — *The Post* (Washington), Feb. 18, 1883.

THE DÆMON OF DARWIN. — It was dramatic, graphic, and forcible, poetry and philosophy intermingled. The imaginary dialogue between Socrates and Darwin, in which ancient and modern science was discussed, was most beautiful. . . . Everything in life was satisfactorily proven by Dr. Coues to be under the direct supervision of a Superior Being. . . . The lecturer held his audience spell-bound for more than an hour and was greatly applauded. — *The National Republican*, Feb. 20, 1883.

BOSTON, Feb. 14, 1883.

ELLIOTT COUES, M. D., *Washington, D. C.:*

Dear Sir, — The undersigned, having learned that you have delivered your lecture entitled "The Dæmon of Darwin" several times in Washing-

ton and vicinity, respectfully ask you to give the citizens of Boston an opportunity to listen to it at such time as would suit your convenience.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) JOHN M. ORDWAY,
Professor, etc., Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
ALPHEUS HYATT,
Professor and Curator Boston Society of Natural History.
EDWARD BURGESS,
Secretary Boston Society of Natural History.
ALBERT PALMER, *Mayor of Boston.*
THEODORE LYMAN.

His Honor the Mayor . . . introduced Prof. Coues as the greatest philosophical thinker of the nineteenth century. His lecture gave ample evidence that it is possible to dress the deepest of scientific topics in the most popular and dramatic of styles. — *Daily Globe* (Boston), March 2, 1883.

The address could hardly be called lecture, but, to be more explicit, it was the reading of a prose poem called "The Dæmon of Darwin." The poem was not one that would interest a commonplace audience, for it was in many places filled with scientific and mythological terms, and abounded in rich figures of speech. — *The Post* (Boston), March 2, 1883.

THE DÆMON OF DARWIN . . . designed to place the argument for the existence of the soul, here and hereafter, upon scientific ground, as the logical corollary of the Darwinian Theory of Evolution, and in so doing Dr. Coues is bold and consistent enough to do what Darwin himself did not do. — *Evening Transcript* (Boston), March 2, 1883.

Dr. Elliott Coues has returned from Boston, where he read his great lecture in the presence of over 2,000 people. The Mayor's introduction, the appreciating attention of the cultivated audience, and the notices of the

daily press, eulogistic without a single exception, were all the praise that even Boston can give to conquering genius. — *Washington Exchange*, March 7, 1883.

Dr. Elliott Coues is still engaged, with apparent success, in what may be called the reconciling of science and paganism. His lecture on "The Dæmon of Darwin," in which the transubstantiation of matter from the corporeal to the spiritual state is imagined. . . . — *The Nation* (New York), March 22, 1883.

BIOGEN: A SPECULATION ON THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF LIFE. — Dr. Elliott Coues, from whose recent address before the Philosophical Society this pamphlet is arranged, has a scientific record of work unequalled in variety, extent, and perfection, and has won repute as a scientist-philosopher, adding greatly to his honors in England, as at home, by the lectures and treatises he has given to the public the last three years. — *The Republican* (Washington), June 10, 1883.

BIOGEN: A SPECULATION ON THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF LIFE. By Prof. Elliott Coues, Member of the National Academy of Sciences. — This is a brief but masterly treatise on the origin of life in opposition to the prevalent materialism of the day. It meets the materialist on his own ground, though reaching up to a refinement of matter not readily recognized by observers of merely external phenomena. The work is highly recommended by those competent to judge who have read it. — *Herald and Presbyter*, April 23, 1884.

BIOGEN.— Prof. Coues treats his subject from the conservative stand-point, and is a stanch believer in immortality. His book, therefore, deserves a careful reading from all students of Christian philosophy. The preface, from the pleasure to be derived from its ready wit and lively humor, is well worth the price of the book. — *Morning Star* (Dover, N. H.), May 28, 1884.

BIOGEN: A SPECULATION ON THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF LIFE. By Prof. Elliott Coues. Second edition. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1844. 12mo, pp. 66. — It is not easy to characterize this lively essay in the few lines which we propose to devote to it. It consists of an address delivered to the Philosophical Society of Washington, handsomely reprinted in a primer form, with a preface and appendix. The preface is witty, if not altogether dignified and wise, and — forewarned by the title — it is hardly reasonable to complain of the appendix, because "a speculation" is purely speculative, and is too discursive to be severely logical. The address itself, in our judgment, is fairly effective in its destructive portion, and in its constructive portion neither illegitimate nor truly scientific. It appears that a retiring president of the Philosophical Society at Washington had declared, in an old-fashioned way, that "there are whole groups of phenomena, characteristic of living beings and peculiar to them, which cannot be intelligently explained as the mere resultants of the chemical and physical forces of the universe," and which were, therefore, referred "to the operations of a vital principle." Whereupon the representatives of a newer school of science contended that this idea was now quite antiquated and effete; that life is a result of the molecular aggregation of matter in an appropriate activity of the more highly compounded molecules. Here is the monistic set against the dualistic view. Our author now takes his turn, and, being pugnaciously dualistic, contends that this chemico-physical theory of life is unscientific in the sense that it is unwarranted by the facts, and is incapable of accounting for them; that, at least, it can have no firm standing-ground until it can "satisfactorily explain the difference between, for example, a live amœba and a dead one." . . .

Glancing at the constructive part of Prof. Coues's essay, we come upon a curious antithesis between his view of the relation of life to matter and that of his monistic opponents. The latter conceive of vitality as a result of matter when molecularly much compounded, and suppose that the more complex the molecular composition the easier the explanation of the vital

phenomena. The former, who has to conceive of spirit or mind in association with matter, has the idea that the more attenuated and ethereal the matter the nearer he is to comprehending the junction. In his conception, matter in its most dissociated state, such as that conceived to fill interstellar space, may be capable of "thrilling to a thought," as does the luminiferous æther to solar radiation; and this is the gist of "Biogen." Biogen is his name for "spirit in combination with the minimum of matter necessary to its manifestation," and with this hypothetical solder he would "establish a connection between mind and matter"; as if one could any more comprehend the action of mind upon dilute than upon gross matter. . . . South's witty comment upon the foolish people, who, as Isaiah describes, used a part of a tree for firewood and of the residue made an idol for worship, — "as if there were more divinity in one end of a stick than the other," — may in these days be turned against the theologians. But many of them, and most of the theistic naturalists, have learned the lesson it teaches. A few were wise enough to learn it early. Still the evidence of mind in nature is much more telling in some parts than in others; and insistence upon these need not imply that belief hangs by a chain the strength of which is only that of its weakest link. — PROF. ASA GRAY, in *The Nation* (New York), July 3, 1884.

We have been much interested lately in reading a little book entitled "Biogen," written by Prof. Elliott Coues, and published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston. Prof. Coues comes to the discussion of the nature of life from the Christian point of view, and what he says is well worth the reading. We allude to the little book here to call attention to one point only. In his preface the writer cleverly shows how the secret of life, whatever they may profess, eludes the materialists. When mathematics and physics and chemistry had each failed to show what life is, "Then biology — 'The Science of Life' — had come to the rescue with a substance known as protoplasm; for physics had proven that nothing existed but matter in

motion; chemistry had proven that protoplasm was matter in motion; biology had proven that life was a mode of motion of matter; *ergo*, protoplasm was the vital principle; and it had been just upon the point of being discovered by the Society [Philosophical Society] when the protoplasm, which the Society had examined, died." Just so! There is a difference even in protoplasm between something alive and the same thing dead. The materialist cannot tell us the secret of life. Life — it comes only from the Life-Giver! — *Christian Illustrated Weekly*, July 12, 1884.

BIOGEN: A SPECULATION ON THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF LIFE. By Prof. Elliott Coues, Member of the National Academy of Sciences. Second edition.—The *crux* of the life-problem is the subject of this volume. It is a "speculation," not assuming to be a solution. It deals with nebulous matter, protoplasm, soul-stuff, and such mysterious topics. Prof. Coues is a naturalist of acknowledged ability, and statements from his pen are entitled to careful consideration. His monograph has already attracted considerable attention. — *Keystone* (Philadelphia, Penn.), July 19, 1884.

The name and reputation of Prof. Elliott Coues are well known in the world of science, but our readers will remember him better in connection with his recent visit to England, and the interest shown in his book, "Biogen." — *Light* (London), Jan. 31, 1885.

Prof. Coues is a scientist, and as such is devoting his time and talents to psychical investigation in his own way, by such methods and along such lines as his genius inspires, his experience commends, and his time permits. . . . Those who know Prof. Coues's views more in detail should read his interesting and wonderfully suggestive little book entitled "Biogen." — *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Jan. 24, 1885.

Prof. Elliott Coues, whose treatise on Biogen, or a spiritual basis of life, we have commended, falls under the displeasure and contempt of the *Popular Science Monthly*, whose materialistic methods are transcended by

this large-souled and able scientist. Last month it mentioned Prof. Coues's "Biogen" as . . . "a spree in speculation." . . . Prof. Coues may well count the contempt of the *Popular Science Monthly* as high honor.

GILES B. STEBBINS.

Science . . . has lately refused to publish an article by Prof. Coues, a man of high scientific standing, entitled "Can Ghosts be Investigated?" in which it is said that they can and should be. The *Popular Science Monthly* is equally impudent, holding the matter beneath any investigation. In due time these magazines will be ashamed of their course, and seek to cover it up. — *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Feb. 7, 1885.

THE DÆMON OF DARWIN. By Prof. Elliott Coues. — Invaluable in psychic research to those seeking the basis of a sound system of psychic science. It applies the established principles of evolution, as held by biologists and physicists, to the solution of the highest problems in spiritual philosophy, namely, the development and probable destiny of the soul. — *The Chronicle* (Washington), April 19, 1885.

The second issue in the BIOGEN SERIES is Dr. Elliott Coues's "The Dæmon of Darwin," a paper originally prepared as a memorial address to be delivered from the Chair of Anatomy of the National Medical College in Washington at the opening of the session, in October, 1882. It is an endeavor to present in the form of a prose poem the Darwinian idea of Evolution. It was written soon after the death of Darwin. The book, in its idea and the manner of carrying it out, is unique, and will excite wide attention. — *Evening Transcript* (Boston), May 25, 1885.

Two noteworthy books, recently published by Estes & Lauriat, are "The Dæmon of Darwin," by Dr. Elliott Coues, and a "Buddhist Catechism," by H. S. Olcott, edited with copious annotations by Dr. Coues. . . . Dr. Coues, in the BIOGEN SERIES, of which the above-named books

are numbered 2 and 3, respectively, has become an exponent of views that may be described as spiritual, Oriental, in contradistinction to such as may be called materialistic, Occidental. . . . "The Dæmon of Darwin" is a prose poem, rhapsodical perhaps, but, as a method of presenting the views of the author, the eternal verities he strives to impress, it has the merit of absolute novelty. The word painting of the author shows a bold and experienced hand. . . . There is never a sigh of hesitancy, of groping for a shade of expression, and there are passages of extreme beauty, which seem to have somehow rushed themselves into print, with an utter contempt for any dressing-down to meet verbal criticism, a richness of construction and verbiage pervading the whole. . . . Without copious extracts, no just idea of this literary and scientific novelty can be conveyed. . . . The "Buddhist Catechism" is a simple, child-like exposition of a system of philosophy, or rather of a moral code, to which the term "Buddhism" is applied. Its authenticity is properly vouched for, and it may be received for just what it purports to be. This little book cannot fail to liberalize and widen the views of such of its readers as have been accustomed to apply the terms "heathen," "idolater," "pagan," and the like to millions of their fellow-men who have been differently, but perhaps as wisely, taught as themselves. — *The Beacon* (Boston), June 27, 1885.

Every profession must have its humorist, and that of the scientist is not an exception. We may think of an uproarious physician and a doctor of divinity who cracks jokes; even undertakers make their puns. . . . Why is it, then, that a ridiculous scientist, especially one who does not know how absurd he is, should be so supremely laughable? It is with some such ideas as these that one glances through these little pretentiously demure pamphlets, in white covers, edited by Dr. Elliott Coues. . . . He must splurge before larger audiences, and thus we have the reason for the series called BIOGEN. The first has been noted; the second and third are now let loose on a suffering public. Silly books have appeared already in

1885, but surely none will yield the palm to the "The Dæmon of Darwin." . . . Most men would be content to try a shuddering public with one such book at a time, but Dr. Coues adds to his crime by editing, with many incoherent notes, a translation of a Singhalese Catechism for Buddhists. . . . He writes as if in a delirium, produced by a mental indigestion. — *The Times* (New York), June 28, 1885.

The BIOGEN SERIES of popular issues is characteristic. . . . But how many of the biologists know what "anagogics" means is a question, and we have doubts as to how many of our scientists know even the meaning of "biogen." . . . The "Buddhist Catechism" is excellent; besides, we deem it thoroughly reliable. . . . The "Dæmon of Darwin" is not, in our judgment, equal to the rest of the series. The book is what we call a heavy joke; . . . a book which has no drawback to relieve its dulness, and which even dulness itself has condemned. — *The Post* (Washington), July 5, 1885.

A BUDDHIST CATECHISM. — This is a book of singular interest, since it opens up a novel and interesting subject. To many readers it is simply curious, while to some others — disciples of occultism, spiritualism, and rationalism — it will be regarded as a kind of bible. — *The Keystone*, July 18, 1885.

THE DÆMON OF DARWIN. — This is No. 2 of the BIOGEN SERIES, which, under the editorial direction of Dr. Coues, promises to present us, in a compact form, some of the finest essays of the day on religion, science, and philosophy; . . . one of the most beautiful prose poems we have seen; a eulogy of the great scientist, woven throughout with the chaplets of the illustrious dead, by the side of which all that was perishable of Darwin was deposited. . . . No one investigating the science of life should omit to read this little volume. — *Religio-Philosophical Journal* (Chicago), July 18, 1885.

THE DÆMON OF DARWIN. — This volume is second in the BIOGEN SERIES, the series taking its name from its first book, "Biogen," now in its third edition. . . . The style of the book is peculiar; the subject is a difficult one, one that the average reader will hardly care for, yet the scholar will find much interesting matter. — *Providence Journal*, July 19, 1885.

A BUDDHIST CATECHISM. — The third volume of the BIOGEN SERIES is of a different tone and character from the preceding works in this series, and, coming as it does with the recommendation of Sumangala, the high-priest of Sripada and Galle, who vouches for the work as accurate, and agreeing with the canon of the Southern Buddhist Church, value is added to the work. — *Sunday Journal*, July 19, 1885.

No. 2, THE DÆMON OF DARWIN, No. 3, A BUDDHIST CATECHISM. — The former of these books is a eulogy of Darwin; the latter, a statement of the Buddhist faith from Indian sources. . . . Neither of these volumes will lead the reader to a better knowledge of the truth. — *Western Christian Advocate*, July 22, 1885.

Second and third volumes of the series, just issued, are "The Dæmon of Darwin," by the author of "Biogen" (Dr. Coues himself), and "A Buddhist Catechism," by Henry S. Olcott, of Ceylon. The first is a highly imaginative and fanciful interpretation of Darwin's work. . . . The reader who appreciates a scientific style wrought into a poetic form will very likely find the little book curious and entertaining. — *Morning Star* (Dover, N. H.), July 23, 1885.

THE DÆMON OF DARWIN. By the author of "Biogen." A book of sixty-four pages. The author soars entirely too high for the common mind. Evidently he is both an evolutionist and a transcendentalist. — *American Christian Review*, July 23, 1885.

Eloquence has gone out of fashion. The most beautifully rounded period is apt nowadays to excite a smile. . . . "The Dæmon of Darwin" forms No. 2 of the BIOGEN SERIES, and is described in the dedication by the biologist who prepared it as "anagogics veiling from the unwise the first principles of Biology." We regretfully find ourselves among the unwise, for whom the real meaning of the book has been elaborately and successfully veiled. — *The Critic* (New York), July, 1885.

Prof. Elliott Coues, of Washington, is editing what he calls the BIOGEN SERIES, from the title of the first volume in it, which was "A Speculation on the Origin and Nature of Life." "The Dæmon of Darwin" is the second number, "veiling" says the dedication, "from the universe [*sic*] the first principle [*sic*] of biology." The illustrious author of the "Origin of Species" is taken in fancy to the under-world, to witness the transformation of matter; and to the over-world to converse with Socrates. . . . A primer of biology is far preferable for instruction or amusement to the veil of this farrago. — *Literary World*, July, 1885.

THE DÆMON OF DARWIN. . . . When Prof. Elliott Coues put forth his well-known "Biogen: A Speculation on the Origin and Nature of Life," I had the pleasure, through these columns, of introducing that little work to English Spiritualists. It seemed to me to contain within its sixty-six pages of dainty quarto as much sense, insight, and instruction as I had found in many a more pretentious volume of ten times the size. I am glad to find that the publishers have arranged with Dr. Coues to bring out under his editorial direction a "series of concise essays on live questions of the day, or of historical research in religion, science, and philosophy, prepared by writers of the most eminent ability." There can be no question of the value and interest of such a series if the level of the first volume can be maintained. The second volume is also from the pen of Prof. Coues. It was originally prepared as a memorial address to be delivered from the Chair of Anatomy of the National Medical College at Washington, at the

opening of the session, Oct. 2, 1882, and we have it without material alteration. It must have been, I cannot but think, with considerable surprise that the Professor's audience listened to this lively *jeu d'esprit*, to what he himself calls "these anagogics veiling from the unwise the first principles of biology." In style as well as in matter, the address is as little like the dull and respectable orthodoxy of science as can well be conceived. — Rev. W. Stainton Moses in *Light* (London), Aug. 8, 1885.

A Buddhist Catechism. . . . — The signs abound that of all the world's great creeds that one is destined to be the much-talked-of religion of the future which shall be found in least antagonism with nature and the natural law. Who dare predict that Buddhism will not be the one chosen? — *The Press* (Philadelphia), Aug. 10, 1885.

A Buddhist Catechism. — A most admirable exposition of the Buddhist faith; clearer than any elaborate essay, and not only making it possible to understand exactly what Buddhism is, but leaving it impossible not to understand what it is. In the form of question and answer, every possible feature of the faith is brought up in turn, with a brevity, a clearness, and a conciseness which cannot be too highly commended. — *The Critic* (New York), Aug. 15, 1885.

A Buddhist Catechism. — First American, from the fourteenth Ceylonese thousand. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by Prof. Coues. An authentic and authoritative exposition of Buddhistic religious and philosophical teachings. — *Evening Traveller* (Boston), Aug. 22, 1885.

The Dæmon of Darwin, by Elliott Coues. The Biogen Series, No. 2. — As a tribute to Darwin, it will be read with delight by every lover of truth, by all who recognize, and are moved by, the grandeur of a life the inspiring motive of which was so noble. . . . The dramatic effect of Darwin's reception among the shades of his peers, of his consignment to the

regions below by his Nemesis, is as well managed as possible with such *dramatis personæ* and such materials. But the ascent — *hic labor, hoc opus est* — up through the chain of being, by which Darwin is made to hoe through and experience what he taught, is the work of a master. — *Book News*, August, 1885.

THE DÆMON OF DARWIN. . . . — It would be impossible in fewer words, and to most writers in as few, to present so widely extended a view of the philosophy of life, and scenes attending its progress, as the author, Dr. Elliott Coues, gives on these pages. . . . Though written in the form of prose, it is imbued with the spirit of poetry, and will be found by every thoughtful, studious mind entertaining, instructive, and suggestive. — *Banner of Light* (Boston), August, 1885.

The BIOGEN SERIES presents us with Nos. 2 and 3, the former being "The Dæmon of Darwin," by Coues, the latter, "A Buddhist Catechism," by Olcott. What the *Dæmon* is about, we know not. It is written in a style beyond human comprehension. — *Bookseller*, 1885.

THE DÆMON OF DARWIN, by the author of "Biogen." — For those who have read "Biogen," the announcement on the title-page of this exquisitely made and printed book, that it is by the same author, should be sufficient to deter them from its perusal. . . . If a man has got anything to say, why, in God's name, does he not say it, and not "veil it from the unwise" in a symbolism that is as uninteresting as it is unintelligible? [That is for you to find out, my amiable Christian friend. — E. C.] — *The Christian Register* (Boston), Aug. 28, 1885.

A BUDDHIST CATECHISM. . . . — But whatever judgment the thoughtful reader may pass on Buddhism, exoteric or esoteric, it is convenient to have that philosophy — for it declines to be called a religion — condensed into a compact, clear, and readable shape, and this Col. Olcott has done.

The same exposition of Buddhist may be found elsewhere, but neither so lucidly nor so authoritatively expressed. The copious and weighty notes of Prof. Elliott Coues, one of America's distinguished men of science, and one of her most learned and eloquent writers, add value to the American edition. — LLOYD P. SMITH, in *The American* (Philadelphia), Aug. 29, 1885.

The writer of "The Dæmon of Darwin" is the professor himself, and it consists of a composition which contains a preface, a first part, a second part, and a third part. . . . There is no reasoning in the whole. — *New Jerusalem Magazine*, August, 1885.

A BUDDHIST CATECHISM. — Meant to feed the constantly growing appetite for mysticism and theurgy — the appetite which psychic research, ghostly romances, and the various forms of Neo-Platonism and Neo-Hegelianism current from Concord to St. Louis are doing so much to stimulate. Dr. Coues's notes are copious on "adepts," "psychic aura," "phenomenal effects vulgarly called miracles," the distinctions between soul and spirit, and between personality and individuality. — *The Dial* (Chicago), August, 1885.

Dr. Coues is one of the foremost scientists in America. He is best known for his works on ornithology, being considered the standard authority in the United States on birds. He served for some time in the army, and pursued his investigations while stationed at the frontier forts. . . . In addition to his valuable scientific works, he is the author of a little pamphlet entitled "Biogen," and his lecture, "The Dæmon of Darwin," excited considerable discussion. — *The Post* (Washington), May 13, 1886.

LONDON, June 17, 1886.

As No. 5 of the BIOGEN SERIES, Prof. Coues has reprinted Robert Dodsley's "Œconomy of Human Life," which he considers is based on

theosophical ethics. The history of this little treatise is rather curious. It was originally published in 1750, and purported to be by a Brahmin, but the authorship was generally attributed to Lord Chesterfield. . . . The association of the name "Kuthumi" with the book, so perplexing to understand, is not a biographical fact, as Prof. Coues explains in his "foreword" (page 10). . . . Prof. Coues is deserving of praise for rescuing from oblivion a book in many ways calculated to do good.

MOHINI M. CHATTERJI.

KUTHUMI and CAN MATTER THINK? are the last two contributions to the BIOGEN SERIES; a series of essays edited by Prof. Elliott Coues, and dedicated to the discussion and demonstration of the existence of spirit and the certainty of a future life. "Can Matter Think?" is a contribution to the forces of anti-materialism. The timidity shown by the author, who conceals his name, is a hint to the scorners. We do not treat infidel, agnostic, or materialist with the same repressiveness that we do the spiritualist and theosophist. Why is it? Because it is the very essence of bigotry to rather see one or many believe in no God at all than to believe in some other God than ours. It is for this reason that the author of an ingenious essay against materialism declines to confess his convictions by adding his name to his conclusions. . . . In this little volume, as in "Kuthumi," the commentator, or rather editor, has brought distinguished ability in explanation and illustration. Both publications will interest those who are watching this new movement. — *The Critic* (New York), Sept. 11, 1886.

KUTHUMI bears a close resemblance in doctrine and form of expressions to the philosophical as well as the evangelical books of the Bible. Under the title of "The Œconomy of Human Life," it was published in London in 1770. The present edition shows by contrast pronounced superiority of appreciative spirit and editorial ability. Indeed, any one familiar with Dr.

Coues's works . . . will understand the propriety of applying Dr. Johnston's Latin compliment on Goldsmith to one who writes with equal grace about the tail of a catbird and the possibilities of spiritual development.

B. G. LOVEJOY.

THE BIOGEN SERIES. — This series of publications is under the editorial management of Prof. Coues, the well-known scientist and theosophist. The series has just reached its fifth number, "Kuthumi; or, The Œconomy of Human Life." This is a reprint of a little volume originally issued in 1770, but, under the classical pen of Prof. Coues, who has added an introduction, and the faultless typography of Estes & Lauriat, the little book is a very different affair from the earlier edition. No. 4 of the series, which is also only just out of press, bears the significant title, "Can Matter Think?" These little books are, in short, classics, and, as such, substantial additions to the literature of the age, while their bearing on the great problems of theosophy can hardly be overestimated. Prof. Coues's familiarity with the whole field of modern research, his exactness, which comes from scientific training, his remarkable command of first-class English, and his insight into the complex problems of psychology, place these books in the forefront of theosophic literature. — J. D. BUCK, in *The Path*, August, 1886.

Now, in these Lenten days, an opportunity is offered for improving one's mind, and even some of the society belles are reading the words of Oriental wisdom embodied in "Kuthumi; or, The True and Complete Œconomy of Human Life," the last of the BIOGEN SERIES, which is edited by Dr. Coues, of this city. Even the venerated Thomas à Kempis may give precedence to the delightful proverbs and pearls of religious thought in "Kuthumi." . . . It was published in 1770 in two different books, which have now been combined in one, and carefully edited by Dr. Elliott Coues, for the enlightenment of the present generation. — *The Old Colony Memorial* (Plymouth), March 10, 1887.

A WOMAN IN THE CASE. — Prof. Elliott Coues . . . has declared himself in a way that has given a terrible shock to the Faculty of the National Medical College, where he has lectured on Anatomy during the past ten years. The National Medical College is the medical department of the Columbian University. What shocked the Faculty, and the Trustees as well, was the address which the Professor delivered to about 1,500 ladies and gentlemen at the Congregational Church, on the occasion of the sixty-fifth annual commencement of the National Medical College. That was on the 16th of last month. The feature of the occasion was a woman graduate, — the first woman graduate of the college. The Professor, an ardent advocate of the equality of the sexes, began his address by complimenting the Faculty on this advance, and inferred from the fact that they had been taking a lesson in theosophy, "on which subject," said he, "I will speak for the hour, at the hazard of fanning into flame every spark of smouldering opposition to free-thinking and out-speaking there may be within reach of my breath." — *The Post* (Washington), April, 1887.

A WOMAN IN THE CASE. — (Special despatch to the *Globe-Democrat.* Washington, D. C., April 27.) — The resignation of Dr. Coues as lecturer on Anatomy in the National Medical College of this city has caused a great stir in professional and ecclesiastical circles. In an address delivered a few weeks since on the occasion of the sixty-fifth annual Commencement of the college, the doctor made a sharp attack upon the religious creeds of the day. In advocating the rights of women to enter the paths of progress, the doctor declared that religious intolerance, scientific insolence, and social tyranny were the three great stumbling-blocks to woman's progress.

Dr. Elliott Coues delivered, at the latest Commencement of the National Medical College, in Washington, an address which the Faculty refused to publish. . . . It is called "A Woman in the Case." . . . No wonder the gentlemen of Columbian University were frightened, for it is not customary to

speak one's mind in Commencement orations. One need not agree with Dr. Coues, but nobody will deny his learning, his courage, and his talent for rousing the sleepers. — *The Beacon* (Boston), May 14, 1887.

A WOMAN IN THE CASE. — Prof. Elliott Coues was selected to deliver the address at the annual Commencement of the National Medical College, in Washington, March 16, 1887. It is usual, on such occasions, for the orator to please his audience with well-rounded periods, high-sounding, orotund, and ancient in style, if there lurks a thought in the phraseology which is framed to say nothing. Prof. Coues determined on an innovation, and the determination shook down the pillars of the college, and now it is an open question whether he or the part that is left is the college. . . . The address is a brave and noble protest against the shams and pretence of religion, which has been the tyrant over woman from the beginning of time, under one form or another. The medical profession is noted for scepticism and free-thought. If a college seeks to thrust out all free-thinkers and fill the chairs with those who place creed first and scientific excellence second, it will soon lose its character and influence. As a matter of policy, Prof. Coues might have been less plain, but, standing on the heights, his light gave no uncertain flash. He called the attention of the world, and what he said was so transparently true that none can dispute. Being right, he will prevail in the full measure of his rightness. — HUDSON TUTTLE, in *Religio-Philosophical Journal* (Chicago), May 21, 1887.

A speech that has caused no little shaking among the dry bones of old prejudices. It was entitled "A Woman in the Case," and was delivered at the Commencement exercises of the National Medical College, in Washington, some weeks ago, by Prof. Elliott Coues, who has occupied the chair of anatomy in the institution for ten years. For the first time in the history of the college a woman had been permitted to graduate, and that circumstance was taken as the text of the address, which was full of strong

argument, biting sarcasm, and incontrovertible facts. . . . Talk like this, coming from one of the most brilliant members of the Faculty, a man noted for the truth and accuracy of his scientific investigations, the writer of books eloquent in style and valuable in matter, could not fail to arouse a whirlwind of comment and criticism. The Faculty was shocked off its base, and refused to follow the long-established custom of publishing the address. Prof. Coues resigned his position, and published it himself, saying he could not hesitate to put on public record what he had not hesitated to say in public. The earthquake caused by the affair has not ceased its rumblings yet. — *The Toledo Blade*, June 25, 1887.

His address before the National Medical College, at Washington, in March of this year, entitled "A Woman in the Case," and which was the cause of a vast commotion among the conservative and routine professors, is a splendid example of Dr. Coues's work and thought in theosophy. The calm, confident courage of his convictions and the lucent language in which they are clothed render this little *brochure* highly interesting. — *The Times* (Chicago), July 3, 1887; *The Indian Mirror* (Madras, India), Sept. 2, 1887.

A WOMAN IN THE CASE. — Washington is the paradise of scientists, where the Smithsonian Institution and the large number of men in the scientific bureaus of the government form a very agreeable and cultivated circle. Now Prof. Coues, who is a very bright man, had an excellent standing among them, and was one of the lecturers before the Columbian University. This institution is practically in the hands of the Baptists. Imagine, therefore, the holy horror that broke forth when, two or three years ago, in one of his lectures, Prof. Coues delivered a regular theosophic address from his professor's chair. The university people went off into a state of catalepsy, the scientific men were struck all of a heap, and the laity nearly died laughing at all the parties concerned." — *Hartford Courant*, Nov. 23, 1889.

LB N 10

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National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Headquarters 161 La Salle St.,

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PRES'T, FRANCES E. WILLARD.
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TREAS., ESTHER PUGH.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

Dictated. ANNA A. GORDON, PRIVATE SECRETARY.
ALICE E. BRIGGS, OFFICE SECRETARY.

Evanston, Ill., Dec. 19. 1890.

Prof. Elliot Coues,

Kind friend:-

The case you have made out for women cannot be set aside, and the chivalry of justice manifested by you must win every woman's gratitude.

Ever yours sincerely,

LB N 10

Elliott Coues,
Private Collection

"THE BIOGEN SERIES," No. 6

"A WOMAN IN THE CASE"

An Address

DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF THE NATIONAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF WASHINGTON

MARCH 16, 1887

By ELLIOTT COUES

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